

TRAGEDY OF TWO LIVES

How Cheiro the Palmist Read the Hands of a Corpse.

A FATAL MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

A Mysterious Midnight Visitor and a Journey that Revealed a Story of Love and Jealousy, Death, Remorse and Retribution—A Fatal Mistake.

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Seated in my room in London one evening toward the end of the summer of 1893, I was surprised and annoyed to be told that a gentleman down stairs in a carriage wanted to speak to me.

out to—a relative, a brother. With a cry like that of one stricken to the heart with a knife, my companion fell forward on the bed—senseless. I dropped the dead hands in a few moments he recovered, and as his eyes



BY THE RESIDUE OF A COMPSE.

fell upon me he passed his hand over his temples, as if to recollect and account for my presence. Then, to my surprise, as he remembered, he nervously clutched me by the arm, hurried me from the room, and without offering any explanation he

Eight months passed. I neither saw nor heard anything of the strange episode until one evening a cab drove up to the door and I was requested by the driver to go with him to a private hotel near Charing Cross.

As soon as a hacking fit of coughing had subsided he said, "You remember that night last August when I took you to a house outside London and you read for me?"

"One evening in the Mediterranean we were pacing the deck together when I chanced to mention this. She started, but quickly recovering herself said lightly, 'Ah, colonial women are children of mystery, and if you are a keen friend of mine, I am to keep my secrets.'"

"When we reached England, we were married. We lived an ideal life together for nearly three years. I never asked any questions of her past life, nor she of mine.

"I had followed her, had I tried by kindness to earn her confidence, all might have been well. Alas, as it was, my nature seemed to undergo in one instant some terrible change.

"I had barely come to this determination when something like a breath of cold air seemed to touch me. Whether it was fancy or reality I cannot say, but I certainly felt as well as thought that something whispered in my ear: 'Do not hesitate. Read and tell the truth.'"

"I had read hands under all kinds of peculiar circumstances before, but never anything so ghastly, so horrible. Besides, what right had I to make that woman's hands speak when her lips were silent?"

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AGNES MORTON.

Only 24, and yet her hand showed great trouble and anxiety, but the marriage line seemed to have redeemed all by the great love she bore her husband.

we shall meet. I am sending you a check over Bank Bros., Calcutta. You must accept it, dearest. I am rich. You are struggling with poverty. Now, promise me you will not die for me."

"I could read no more. Mad with jealousy, my worst fears confirmed, I crept back to my room, determined to end my life and set her free to go back to India to the man she loved.

"The other man is poor," I thought. "Ah, well, if I make any sacrifice, I may as well make all. Yes, she must have everything. It will make up for the three years she has waited for happiness."

"I longed to take her in my arms, but I could not, dared not. I could not trust myself to speak, for I feared my voice would falter and I would break down.

"I put the letter in an envelope, addressed it to her and then made a few other preparations for the end. She will be asleep now, I thought. I will steal into her room, kiss those lips I have loved so much, then return to my own room and—well, the rest is easy."

"I stole softly into her room, and standing at the door watched the first rays of dawn gliding over her pillow.

"You can easily understand what had happened. In my excitement and grief, instead of laudanum, the poison I in-

spirit of my angel mother. I was born and reared in New York city. My mother died first, and I was left an orphan child. My father's will left me his entire property, with my uncle as sole trustee until I marry, when his power over me ceases, thank God, forever.

Now, my uncle, who came here from London to drink the mineral waters for his health, intended to carry out his own selfish ends and make the company all young men and women, a wealthy force upon the society of his son, a wretched dupe, whom I despise and whom he wishes me to marry in order to keep the money in the family.

Having decided upon this step, I intend to carry it out to the end. I am going to put myself absolutely in your hands. All the correspondence and letters I have written since I considered a good plan, and I know that I am a good cook and housekeeper. My feelings would never allow me to stray from the paths of rectitude and virtue.

"Can you support my daughter?" "I think so. I have supported some of the best, most noble people on the road."

They stood behind the counter, two rather pretty girls, with ruffles on their shoulders and Lillian And, oh, their hearts were merry and their tongues were running fast of their lovers, and their dresses, and their pleasures now and past.

"I saw that fellow you know—that was over in the shipping office and I heard that it will cost me about \$200 to come to you first class. As it would be impossible for me to secure the money without your assent, I will draw a draft on you today for the amount. In the meanwhile, should my uncle who to start on his journey, I will feign sickness and compel him to wait until the money arrives from you. I will then take the first train for London and will telegram you from there what ship I will take for America."

WINNIE WAS A WINNER

A Confiding Candidate For Conubial Bliss and Cold Cash.

A SAMPLE MATRIMONIAL "AD."

A Fresh Verification of the Theory That the Fools Are Not All Dead Yet—"You Tidy the Draft; I'll Do the Rest" Was the Burden of Her Song.

The sage opinion ventured by the burnt cork philosopher that "there is a fool born every minute" seems to find credence with the patrons of the matrimonial advertisement columns of some of our pretentious metropolitan contemporaries.

Such a one should need to go begging in the matrimonial market seems remarkable; that such begging should be successful seems preposterous.

A REFINED and accomplished young American lady, a good housekeeper, just completed her education in Europe, worth \$10,000 and living unhappily with her guardian, wishes to correspond with some good, man living in America who is matrimonially inclined; no objection to country life; no adventures need necessarily be attended with this correspondence; the writers contemplate immediate matrimony and give full name, age, present occupation and state their financial standing.

This tempting "ad." caught the hopeful eye of a young St. Louis man, who wrote to the "accomplished young American lady" and pictured himself in glowing colors. He was literally rolling in wealth, and all he needed was a handsome wife to help him spend it.

My DEAR FRIEND—Among the many replies that I have received, yours is the most interesting. I am glad to hear that you are a young man, and I am glad to hear that you are a young man, and I am glad to hear that you are a young man.



WINNIE WOODWARD.

"Trampster!" For the Tramp. The most unique proposition for the suppression of the "tramp," of whom so much has been written since the common-law movement was inaugurated, comes from E. Hofer, a California philosopher. Mr. Hofer proposes to organize "tramp communities," in which the professional tramp shall be subject to vigorous law, the first of which is work.

Ventrioloquism Extraordinary. "At Raglan castle," said Mr. Ganthon, the ventrioloquist, "I gave an entertainment in the open air, and throwing my voice into the ivy covered ruins said, 'What are you doing up there?'"

Reducing the Menagerie Supply. Mr. Savil's elephant hunting expedition excites the Indian press on account of its wonderful success. In eight weeks he secured 200 elephants, all near Jalpaiguri. He also bagged three tigers and a tigress respectively 10 feet 2 inches, 9 feet 8 inches, 9 feet 7 inches and 9 feet, five rhinoceros, an elephant of 10 feet, five leopards and six sambar, besides small game.

She Fooled the Fond Females. The most remarkable trial on record was that of Mary Hamilton, an English woman, who was brought into court on Oct. 7, 1748. She was one of the greatest frauds of the day having succeeded in deluding her own sex in a most extraordinary manner, it being clearly proved at the trial that she had at different times and places married not less than 14 other women of various ages.

Very Curious. "Walk up," shouted a showman, "and inspect this curious phenomenon—a real live woman fish, the only one in existence!" The place was crammed. The curtain rose, and a young woman, dressed all in black, appeared on the stage and said: "I am a woman, and I am a fish."

With Babies For Bait. An interesting method of catching crocodiles in India. "We used to have great sport in India going out after crocodiles with Hindoo babies for bait," said an ex-army officer of the British army to a New York Sun man.

Round her waist his arm good stealing. On his shoulder rests his head. Both of them, just now are feeling. Top intruded with bliss to speak. "Oh, that's a trick of mine," said the thief. "You, that horrid June bug! Save me! Kill him, darling! Kill him quick!"

Not to Blame. "Harry, you have taken the largest peach. You should remember that Daddie is the oldest."

That isn't my fault.—Adapted From Judy.

which was just what the crocodiles were waiting for, and they'd come hurrying from all directions to have a chance at the babies.

"Where did we get these babies for bait? From their mothers. All the fellow who wanted to go crocodiling had to do was to noise abroad his intention, and it wasn't long before native women would flock in with babies to be rented out for bait. The ruling price per head for the young hesthens was about 6 cents for the day. Some mothers required a guarantee that their offspring should be returned to them, and sound, but the most of them exacted no such agreement. The babies were brought back all night, as a rule, but once in awhile some sportsman was a trifle slow with his rifle or got away with the bait, but that didn't happen often.

"If your bait is good form for crocodiling and starts in with protesting yells, you may expect to get your crocodile very soon, but if the baby proves to be what is known as a sulker and takes the situation in quietness and patience you may have to wait some time before you get a shot. I used to have the opportunity to shoot a crocodile in all that part of India. I killed more than 100 crocodiles with that younger as a lure before she outgrew her usefulness. She had the most persistent and far-reaching yell I ever heard come out of mortal being, and no crocodile could resist it."



OVER THE PRECIPICE.

mountains, their companions continuing their hunt in the canyon below. Those who climbed the mountain found nothing worth expending their powder upon for several hours, and finally selected a large flat rock near the edge of the precipice and began to eat their lunch.

While thus engaged they heard the peculiar grunt of a grizzly bear in the thicket on their hands. There was but little food upon the mountain top, and the bear was undoubtedly hungry. In this condition they were well aware that he would attack them without a moment's hesitation. The savory odor of the food cooking at the campfire had attracted him, and he was determined to have it at any cost. They did not have long to wait before the shaggy animal appeared through an opening but a few yards from them. All three fired at him, but only succeeded in enraging the brute. Two succeeded in taking refuge behind large trees, but the other was immediately in front of the animal, and it was impossible for him to get out of the way. The bear came with such a rush as to knock the hunter down and had passed very nearly over and beyond him. The man seized the bear by the throat with both hands, and the unequal struggle for life commenced. The precipice was but a few feet away, and in their struggles they were nearer and nearer to the edge of the way. The bear, after a moment's injury upon the other, until finally the bear lost his foothold and fell, dragging the hunter after him.

It was 2,000 feet to the bottom of the canyon, and the other hunters naturally supposed that their companion had been dashed to pieces upon the rocks below, but to their surprise and joy, heard a cry for help. Hastening to the edge of the rocks, they saw the man clinging to life to a fir tree which grew out of a niche in the rocks. He had fallen into the tree and had succeeded in obtaining a lodgment there. It was still a serious question as to how to get him out, but he was alive, which was a matter of very great gratification. A rope was improvised from a wild grapevine, and within half an hour the man was with his comrades again, somewhat bruised, but with no bones broken. Descending the mountain, they found the bear dead, with several bones broken.

THE CITY DIRECTORY GAME. A Novel Form of Gambling Indulged In by Chicago Girls.

There is gambling in Chicago—no doubts of it. Three buds of promise in summer gowns came fluttering into a West Side drug store, where a Record reporter was idling, and went to the soda water fountain as if by instinct.

"Will you let us have the directory, please?" said one of them. The bulky volume was laid before her. "Now, girls, remember, the last figure counts, right hand page, and each one gets three cuts. I'll begin."

"She opened the book and said, 'Oh-h-h!' while the two giggled with delight. The page was 1760. "Put down 3 there," said she. Another cut bought 467. "That makes 10. Now I get another. Good! That's 5 more. Fifteen isn't bad."

THE CITY DIRECTORY GAME. The second girl opened at 890, so that 0 was her first count. Next time she "cut" 3, and the last number was 7, making her, as she observed, "high man."

"The third one began with 70, added 5 and collapsed on the third trial, for the right hand page was 1451. "In stock," she said, with the philosophic air of a thorough sportsman. She went to rummage in her purse, and the highly entertained drug clerk drew three chocolate ice creams. He observed, after the girls departed, "That's the first time I ever knew the city directory was a gambling implement."

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FELL OVER A PRECIPICE.

He Had a Bear For a Companion and Was Not Hurt by the Fall.

The members of a hunting party recently returned to Phenix, A. T., from the Sierra Nevada mountains tell of a thrilling adventure one of them had there. The party consisted of five old hunters, and they took two Indians along with them to perform the hard labor.

After exploring the country at the base of the hills and finding no game three of the party concluded to try one of the



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THE TROLLEY SOAP

Is an Improvement in Soap.

In the Trolley Soap old methods and materials are superseded by new ones. The Trolley Soap leaves the clothes sweet and clean and lasts longer than other soaps.

Ask Your Grocer for It.

If he does not keep it send us order for 20 BARS FOR TRIAL FOR \$1.00, or for a Box 100 cakes 75 pounds \$4.50.

Joseph S. & Thomas Elkinton, 227 Chestnut Street, Phila.

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SURPLUS, \$250,000

This bank offers to depositors every facility warranted by their balances, business and respectability.

Special attention given to business accounts. Interest paid on time deposits.

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PROMPT, ENERGETIC, CONSERVATIVE and LIBERAL.

This bank invites the patronage of business men and firms generally.

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HEART LAKE, Susquehanna Co. U. E. CROFT, Proprietor.

THIS HOUSE is strictly temperance, is new and well furnished. THE PUBLIC YEAR ROUND, is located midway between Montrose and Scranton, on Montrose and Lackawanna Railroads, six miles from D. L. & W. R. R. At Altford Station, and five miles from Montrose, capacity, eighty-five; three minutes' walk from H. R. Station.

GOOD BOATS, FISHING TACKLE, &c., FREE TO GUESTS.

Altitude about 2,000 feet, equalling in this respect the Adirondack and Catskill Mountains.

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Dancing pavilion, swings, croquet grounds, &c. Cold Spring Water and plenty of MEK. Rates, 87 to \$10 per week. \$1.50 per day. Excursion tickets sold at all stations on D. L. & W. R. R. Porters meet all trains.

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Coal of the best quality for domestic use, and of all sizes, delivered in any part of the city, at lowest price. Orders left at my office.

NO. 118, WYOMING AVENUE. Rear room, first floor, Third National Bank, or sent by mail or telegraph to the mine, will receive prompt attention. Special contracts will be made for the sale and delivery of Rockwell's Coal.

WM. T. SMITH.

Lost Manhood and vigor quickly restored by the use of the great HINDOO BLOOD, with written guarantee. Sold by MATTHEWS BROS., Druggists, Scranton, Pa.